## THIERS.

The Funeral Mass at the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

A REPUBLICAN PAGEANT

Royal Pomp in the Church of the Kings.

SCENES IN THE OLD EDIFICE.

Music, Incense, Prayers, Flowers, Decorations.

PROCESSION TO PERE LA CHAISE.

Significant Demonstration at the Grave of Thiers.

POLITICS AND THE CELEBRATION.

Does the Church Accept the Republic ?-Rumors in Paris.

PARIS, Sept. 3, 1878. To-day all France, all republican France, celebrates the anniversary of the death of Thiers, and 1 prays for he repose of his soul. This day one year ago Thiere to breathe the fresher air and arrange for the struggle between the Republic and the Marshal. I here, near the palace of James Stuart's exile, he could walk under the chestnut trees and enjoy that wom lerful view of the vailey of the Seine in its smiling ripe autumnal beauty and see in the far distance his beloved Paris, nestling between Montmartre and Valerien. here he died, one year ago to-day-died im peace, full years and work. He had worked en thty yearsbusy years; busier than those of most of his genera tion. He bad worked at many things—working for newspapers at a salary which would offer si the poorworking to recreate the Emperor, to jovern Louis Philippe, to destroy the Empire, to rescue Prance from an invader the invasion of whose homes he had himself celebrated—working, above all things, to France. Full of years and work, of honors and op ortunity, his name the foremost name in France, he il, and the heart of France sank as under beaviest bareavement. They buried him from the the Montmartre quarter. This was because the Car-dinal Archbishop declined to give the Madeleine. ence could do nothing that would amray the Church gainst the State, and he teared, this scrupulous ninence, who owed his scarlet to Thiers, that bury with unusual pomp a man who died without making peace with De Broglie and Feurton, would be scandal. Se he ferbade the Madeleine. Probably ou have forgetten De Broglie and Fouriou and I te their names over again plainly that the printers may not mistake them. Well, they actually governed France, and it was to please them that the Cardinal sent Thiers down to the dumpy likele church of Our Lady of Lorette. But this holy man reads the ble to the gospel of events. During the year the terrace of St. Germain many things have hap sened. De Broglie and Fourtou no longer rule Prince. f either of them died His Eminence would probably icket them for Lorette. The friends of Thiers govern France, and the Cardinal comes forward and says :-"Come to my cathedral—even my glorious pries of Notre-Dame—where kings have knelt and amperors have been crowned. Come, and we can all pray for the repose of Thiers'soul according to the canons of our Holy Mother,

Vous êtes prie d'ansister au Service nolennel qui sera celebre le mardi, 3 septembre, a midi tres-prè-cie, su l'Egius Metropolitaine de Notre-Dame, pour le Repos de l'Anne (

the Church." His Eminence not only says this, but

he writes Mme. Thiers how sorry he was that he

Dame, and the sign of our welcome is a card lying before me, a white card with a black border, bearing

MONSIEUR LOUIS-ADOLPHE TICHES, ANCIEN PRESIDENT DE LA REPUBLIQUE.

2me Nef, côte droit es gauche. Entres par les portails lateraux.

Les hommes seule sont admis.

this incription:-

We note as we throw open the windows that we have a glorious autumn sun, with that haze that reminds you of Indian summer days. You look eve the programme in the morning papers and find that all Paris is full of Thiers. You read that he was a dread ul old egotist; that he was the Washington of t is suggested that due precautions be taken with the sacred vessels in Notre-Dame lest the Delegates of the Assembly should give way to a natural impulse and mack the church. The Cardinal is told that the Cathe dral must be well cleaned and consecrated again to drive out the republican poliution. But of course these discordant voices mean little, for the general ury of one who deserved so well of France And the Republic will honor his memory with as much pomp as Notre-Dame ever bestowed on the King. It was hoped that the Cardinal would attend in person and celebrate the mass. At the last mement be declined. It was becoming too much of a political movement, and so whatever prayers he had o say for the repose of the soul of Thiers would be said in private. The Papul Nuncio intended coming. but failed. Already the Church had gone for in receguition of the Republic; the Nuncio would hamily follow the train of Gambetta. It was believed Macmander, his predecessor in the Presidency. But MacMalion had some shooting to do down in the orests and so sent his Ministry to represent his government and his son to represent himself. It would have been better, sensible people will say, if the Cardinal and the Nuncio and the Marshal and accepted this pageant at its true meaning and joined in the prayers which ever arise from the heart of France. But remember this is France, and the sense of political conciliation has still to be learned.

on with his shooting. One of the journals gravely eays that the reason MacManon did not come was because he was not invited. But the journals are always writing stupid things about the old gentleman, and I suppose the truth is he did not care enough about Thiers to pray for him, and be did want to shoot. What is much more important to l'aris in, that the sun is shining, and Paris is in its gayest mood. You will observe in the card of invitation that the hour for the mass is seven precisely. We start early, so as to be at Notre-Dame at hall-past ton. As we cross Pont Neuf, looking over at the towers which crown the prison of Marie Antotpette as we pass, and breathing a little prayer for the repose of her soul, poor lady, we note that all the streets and lanes leading to the Cathedral are crowded. One of the evening papers puts down the number What we saw in all directions was a vast multitude-a quiet, orderly crowd-largely composed of women. The police service was perfect, as such things generally are in Paris. The streets front was lined with a regiment of infantry. A company of cavalry mounted guard at various points
Only those were admitted within this enclosure who

AROUND NOTEH-DAME.

The Marshal is not missed, however, and he may go

had tickets, and as a consequence there was no growd lug, no undue pressure. There was a good dea closing of wickets, orders and counter orders, and their necks hurrying to and ire, and the efficers in command were nervous and skipped around a good deal; but it was a task to march 10,000 persons into Notre-Dame and march them out again without an accident. This was done, and although your correspondent was one of the ten thousand he found him-self, after an hour and a half waiting, sauntering into church as quietly and as little disturbed by a throng as at our own Trinity on any ordinary service.

MEMORIES OF NOTRE-DAME.

But this waiting, even it one has to swing himself from the trou raiting and have an uncertain foothold on the coping, is full of interest. I am fond of Notre-Dame. Few things even in bewitching Paris are and stroll (Arough its assies, especially when the pricate are singing the vesper hymns. There is so much pos ée in these vast and venerable Gothic piles. The bar als that fastiened them were the bands of hold of the imaginations of mankind? Notre-Dame been criticised and hardly belongs to the first rar & of cathedrais, and here as I swing from my tron Ace and look up at its towers I miss that awful barat St. Stephen's in Vienna, at Strasburg, at Cologne The fine points in Notre-Dame are the flying buttresses in the rear, and I would like to go around and study them while waiting if I did not know that one of these Frenchmen would take my place. But I never criticise a work of this kind as though it were bit of crockery or the last device in porcelain. It is surely a vast and venerable pile, and how much easier it is, now much more in keeping with the day. harmony, the laith, the legends, the inspirations that an idea of Goethe's, who calls architecture frozen music—music in stone. For ages this pile has repreerations, generations of a forgotten past have swept over it, and it stands as fresh and clear as when its builders adjusted the capstone on its towers. It has seen the rise and fall of all the governments and dynasties of France, and through this main gate, into which the delegates and depuof the Church; Heary, to confirm his opinion that Antoinette to thank the boly Virgin for the son who was to starve in the Temple; Napeleon, to be crowned by a Pope; Louis the restored, to biess the Lord for bringing him again to France; the third Napoleon, to invoke God's benediction upon perjury and street

IN PRONT OF NOTEE-DAME. As you swing from your coping and look out in the representatives of deputations from all parts of have marched from the courtyard of the Tuileries, and now they crewd into the very door which in the past was only opened to kings. The line is four deep and extends across the place and turns the corner and is lost on the bridges. It embodies the foremost men in France, not merely those who are in the Assembly, but who govern communes and cities. All are in evening dress. Those to authority wear around their waists the tricolor scarf of the Republic. Others wear tricolor resettes fringed with gold, bearing the sent. One group attracts especial attention. It is he representation from Belfort and carries, borne on flowers and immortelles six feet in diameter. This bears the word "Belfort," and is the offering of that town to the memory of the man who saved it to France. The other section is the students of the Paris high schools. They carry a magnificent crown of Paris." Other scholars followed with wreaths and orowns. One crown came from the French colony in far Buenos Ayres, other crowns from other colonics. Saint Germain, where Thiers died, sent the most beautiful offering of all. It was a crown Here are delegates from all the departments, from Algeria, from Alsace-Lorraine, from schools and academies, from newspapers, from factories, from workingmen's associations, from theatres and printing offices-all streaming into the church. Now and then some well known face passes, and bats are raised. Among the Senators you note Laboulaye, Jules Simon and Henri Martin. The Ministers have sone in at another door, and we miss them. Among the deputies you see Jules Forry and Girardin. scademicians. As noon draws near persons of note Orioff, wearing his grand cross. Lord Lyons comes swiltiy after. There is a ripple of interest as the Chinese Ambassadors descend. This interest in-creases with the arrival of three Algeriau chiefs, in legion of honor. That undersized genileman in plain evening dress, without a ribbon or a star, with the arge head, black glowing eyes and dark Oriental skip, is one of the foremost men in the world. It is Emilio Castelar, ex-President of the Republic of Spain, coming to honor the memory of an ex-Presi-cent of France. The American Minister, General Noyes, and Mr. Hitt came in plain civilian dress. Immediately after a family carriage comes driving slowly. There are footmen in mourning livery. The lamps are burning but swathed in crape. Two ladies in deep mourning are inside. Every hat goes off, and a tremor of emotion and sympathy runs through the multitude. For this is the carriage of Thiers and the ladies are his widow and Mile. ceives Madame and escorts her to her seat near the

THE DECORATIONS OUTSIDE. w the bells-those lamous bells of Notre Dame which Hose has made immortal-ring out in a solemn, jangling clamor, bidding us remember that the hour is at hand when we are to worship God. While you swing on your coping you move with the the gate, and anxious, now that the bells are ringing, to be inside. But there is no use hurrying or fretting at a time and seeing that you are placed before the getes are opened again. whole front of Notro Dame, as high as the first platform, is covered with black cloth. To the extent say of one hundred and sixty feet the arrayery anceous, covering all the saints and angels and holy efficies with a mass of black, studed with sliver stars; black, bordored with sliver. There is the monegram of Thiers, slivered letters on a winter snield. There is a decoration in green—a cluster of academical pains. The bells jangle, the gate swings, and leaving behind the streaming substite you harry into the charce, and for a moment, the eyes beaming and dazed with the smalight, you are lost in a world of gloom, only in a moment to come forth again to a new world of light and fire and pomp.

THE FUNERAL PARKANT.

Out of the distant choir comes the low cadence of voices and instruments, tremulous with the very ecctary of grief. The mass is opening, and there are strains of Beetheven which the dead man loved, and which the musicians play at Mine. Thiers' request, flow the notes rise and last in mourtain sadnes—the epitome of grief, but not of grief without hope, the notes of sorrow but not of despair, for are we host at the feot of the cross where despair, our are we host at the feot of the cross where despair can never dem:? We pass in through sundry passages and cloth hidden ways until we come to the centre of the charch, out of the gloom of the sides, and before us, above us, around us we have the funeral pageantry of Norre whole front of Notre Daine, as high as the

parte, with suborned and desperate followers, took France in the night, bound her, and, decorating themselves with her coyal dranery and geme, lived on her treasury, you only read an incident and not the cause of the regime winds fell at Seaan. "You committed the crime of Brumarie." says history. "Yes," responds Napoleonism, "but France sanctified crime by 3,568,585 votes against \$,374." "You overthrew the Republic and became Emperor?" "Yes, but France consecrated my imperial crows by 3,521,675 votes, only 2,579 objecting." "You came and invaded France with a ridiculous eagle and a group of adventurers, and were hustled into juil/the training who had been robbing a barnward." "Yes, but France made me her President, giving me 5,567,759 votes against 1,489,186 for the autiere and high-minded Cavaignac." "You made the comp d'étal, breaking your oath and indusiging in street massacre?" "Yes, but my oath was distastivil to 7,473,431 Frenchmes, and in all the milions of France there were only 642,431 who did not regard the coup d'étal as an act of military justice." "I was elecicae Emperor by more than twice the vote given to the founder of the Empire, and eighteen years later my reign was affirmed by 7,305,542 votes, only 1,353,825 objecting." If one takes this cold view of sedan, and remembers—for now of all times let us review every incident in the life of this soul for whom we pray eternal peace—that Thiers was the historiae, the defender of Bonaparte, the Prespere whose major wand invoked whatever was sleeping or dormant in Napoleouism—then we can only say that the anniversary which has passed should not be simply a day given to executations of the Chineiburet Bonaparte and this tribe, but a day of self-examination and pecance for France—seeing how, in her fever, her billing his order to the fine service of the fire and of the same of the sum of the same of t the way Barbler invokes the "dist-haired Corsican" on the Columb Vendome. I hardly ever pass this column and look up at that soaring Cuesar to bronze without recalling Barbler's line, "Be thou dambed, Napoleon!" It is so easy to say it, so easy to shuffle off the penalties and consequences of history, to larget how much we curselves have done to challenge Nemesis. Yes, again and again, "he thou damned, Napoleon!" But that is not a sentiment for Note Dams—not the thought to breathe upon this floating incease which comes blossed upon us; blessed with forgiveness and penance and resignation. Rather let us take the nighter view. Look at Bonnapertism as Lincoin looked at slavery, and invoke for France in the fullest and humblest sense the prayer which now ascends to heaven in strains of rapturous melony—the invocation to that "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world." Let us pray that it may have mercy upon France.

heaven in arrains of God, who taketh away the sins of the world." Let us pray that it may have mercy upon France.

THIRMS' SAD JOURNET SEVEN TRARS AGO.

And as it to mark with deeper emphasis this solemn day look over Europe and see what has come of that "deathblow to France" which was so surely delivered only seven years ago. Yes, France was dead, and all that remained was for some mourning son to go from door to deer and find means for a decent funeral. What a sad erfand it was, and how one thinks of it now, sitting in this dim cathedral and looking up to the kneeling priest, who, wish covered eyes and prostrate head, craves eternal peace for the poor cod which vanished into night one year ago! Yet it was a mighty soul in those days, and really it went out to knock at the doors of Europe and ask for aims for poor, dear,

HERALD, SUNDAY. SEPTEMBER 15, 1878.—QUINTU

and the service of the company of the

shine and the trees to bring forth their lestings for the rich as well as the poor. We away on into the Boulevard Voltaire, a new bonlevard of pretentions houses; and you know how vast Paris is when you remember that no one you aver knew, or dreamed of knowing, or by any possibility could know, lives in Boulevard Voltaire. There is such a gap between this section and where we Americans live, under the snadow of the arch. And as we pay ourselves this tribute to our own respectability we turn into the marrew street of sorrow and evil omen called Requette. It is a narrow, gloomy street. I should think a man would want to live here when he was tired of life. There is a wine snop or two for the "initial conchiman" and the funeral bearers. There are a tew houses abandoned to serce poverty. Red eyed, dark haired citizens in blouses, who, if the traith were known, have had their flery hours on the barricade, look grimly as we whire along. Nearly every house, however, is a bazar for the sale of decoratious for the grave. Monaments, croases, tombs wreaths, immortenes, wreaths of beads and artificial flowers—wreaths of wire and metal, bearing loving inscriptious. Whatever grief may be nearest your heart you can celebrate it here for any sum from a few centimes up to a hundred francs. These were also say it is the sweet and gracous custom in France to keep ever freah the memory of the dead you can know that this is a thriving trade. The bazuars are all open, and the shrews aorrow-merchants have anticipated the emotions of the day by providing all kinds of memories of thiers—portraits, wreaths and medais. It you mean to be among the prigrims to-day and have an admiration to satisfy, you can do it for a franc and be among those who add trophies to the vast trophy that is heaped over the ashes of the Washington of France.

THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE.

So we whird along, and pass, not without a morbid interest, the prison of La Roquette. Here are two prisons that face each other, as built as to leave a small open space betwe

the word, it is a little chapel, made of stone, with about room enough for one person to kneel and pray. A marbie tablet on the wait tells that Louis Adolphe Thiers, who was born in 1797 and died in 1877, item buried. An attendan thas a blank book in which you may lordine you name. He will give you a flower of yellow immorfelie for your bustonnole. Near Thiers are buried. Ney and Bacine, Beranger and Casimir Perier. You note nounds of flowers, cromes, crowns inscriptions. All day, especially siter the close of the service, crowds came to the tomb. It was toward four o'clock when Mme. Thiers arrived. Descending from her carriage she entered the centestery leaning on the arm of Emile Grardin, and, ascending the hill to the little memorial chorch, turned down the avenue of the Acadas and came to the form. Here she entered and prayed, the crowd failing back in respectful silence. When she had fartished her prayers one of the young neu, who had carried the crown, six feet in dismeter, from the schools of Paris, auvances and said:—"Madame—the young Parishas offer this crown to that great citizen whose memory they venerate, who saven France, liberated the territory and founded the Republic." Then a delegae from the Bellort party advanced. "Madame," he said, "the city of Bellort offers this crown because that Monsieur Thiers, your linestrious herbane, resourced Bellort again to France." M. Grardin, as the successor of Thiers in the Assembly, said a word or two in his hours and in sympathy with the bereaved, Madame Injers gave her arm to M. Grardin, as the successor of Thiers in the Assembly, said a word or two in his hours and in sympathy with the bereaved, Madame Injers pave her arm to M. Grardin, the crown led back with uncovered heads, and she regained her carriage. This closed the derimony in honor of Thiers, although all Paris, Fepocans in the givenned by the strength of the service of the pageant and the lessons of the day.

Polatical Aspects of the calk pageant and the lessons of the day.

were there by which men worsing God we felt all the time it was posities. Of the image thousands in Notice Dame and surging through the avenues of Pere La Chaise how many came hom curronity, how meany from a dearer to home a republican President? I am airaid very few from faith. There is an much iseling for There and against him as though he were slive and running for office. I was going up the Champs Elyses yeaterday afternoon and ran against a friend, one of the Ismous men in the Church of Roms. I had nothing rise to say, and so did said, "I suppose you will be at Notre Dame to-morrow?" "Way Notre Dame?" he answered; "people are not going to pray there, but demonstrate. It is more like sacrings than religion." "But not to honor Thiers," I replied. "Why hone Theres?" was the response. "What is in him or his following to honor? He never gave us cause to admire him and his people are our ettemies. See what they did at Lyons the other day," and at sutch a place, telling now the State had forbidden certain priests to teach is the schools. "But why with this feeling have the mass at Notre Dame?" "Why—als, why," he said, "that comes from a wisdom higher than mime. They can tell you that in Rome. There are was reasons, no doubt. But Thiers is not loven by us, and as I sim free to do as I please, I small go to priyers elsewhere." This I take from the highest circles of Church opinion. Let me go into snother divides of Church opinion. Let me go into snother divides of Church opinion. Let me go into snother divides of Church opinion. Let me was the enemy of France. "But you prayed for Bonaparte the other day, and cried about him, and wors a bushe of whome Paul lassagnac. "Isuppose you are going to Notre Dame?" "He go to Notre Dame?" she said, with opening green what should take me there?" "To pray for faisers." "But pop pray for hiers! he was the enemy of France. "But you prayed for Bonaparte the other day, and cried about him, and wors a bushe of whome yor and weak happy, and people sait at the cafes and smale, opened

MAJOR GENERAL SHIELDS.

THE VETERAN VERY ILL AT THE ASTOR HOUSE WITH AN ATTACK OF BRONCHITIS.

After Major General James Shields concluded his ddress to the veterans of the Mexican war, at Terrace Garden, on Friday evening, he was conveyed to the Astor House in a carriage and retired to his room. It freedom of the city to the distinguished veteran should take riace in the Governor's room at the City Hall yesterday afternoon, and after the ceremony the General was to receive his friends. It will be rememthis city, on the 17th of last March, the Board of Aldermen ununimously voted him the freedom of the city and nothing remained but the mere formality. The General had gone to his Western home and did not return to this city till Friday morning at the call of some of his old compales in arms to give some reminiscences of "the days that repose after the fatigues of the journey, in room No. 118 Astor House, till the evening, when he proceeded with the reception committee to Terrace Garden, where he delivered a lengthy discourse. The damp-ness of the evening, added to the fatigues of his recess-journey and the strain upon his constitution in -peak-ing before so many autiences, during the past two months, told perceptibly apon him.

PROSTRATES WITH REONGRITIS.

ing before so many attained a during the past two months, told perceptibly upon him.

PROSTRATED WITH BRONGHITE.

Soon after his friends leit him for the night he retired to bed, but was so oppressed with a leverish feeling that he could not risely. He paced up and down the floor all night and wise dawn set in yesterday morting be was so exhausted that he sank on the bed. Dr. Farrington, the house poysician, was summoned at six o'clock and it was found that the General was suffering from an attack of acute bronchists, the result of exposure and fatigue. The physician, atter prescribing some remedies to alleviate the oaten's condition, gave orders that be should be kept quiet and free from the intrusion of Visitors, except the General's immediate friends.

Alkeald reporter called at soon and found the pations greatly prostrated, so much see that he species with difficulty. A large batch of mail matter was strewn on the bed covering, and the General's right hand, grasping the cord of his eye gasses, lay listiestly by his side. He made an effort to rise and greet the reporter, but the effort was too much for him and he sank back on his pillow. "You see I am very weak," he said, as he raised his hand signify, "I knew this was coming." Then with some difficulty he gasped out in a feeble voice, scarcely suddie, "I have travelled a good deal and spooke a loof deal ind to the substance of the result of the substance of the result of the substance of

feel much better."

An APPRICTING SCENE.

The reporter ventured a query in regard to the proposed reception, and the General, with a slight movement of the head, replied, "On, that is out of the question now; I would not be able to stand it."

"But, General, you will very likely be quite recuperated by Monday," suggested the reporter, in a tone of choodragement.

"But, General, you will very meny be quite recuperated by Monday," suggested the reporter, in a tone of choodragement.

The reply was delivered in a vent of inexpressible sadness and he heaved a long sigh as he spoke. "I wish I were all right now and I would go back directly. However (and this part of the answer was painful as he draw himself up in the bed and cast his eyes on the ceiling) I—I—suppose it is just as well for for the short time I bave to remain here." There was a chilling emphasis on the last two words that was intensified by his uneasy movements as he threw his right arm—for the left was almost entirely motion-less—across the size of the bed. The scene was too affecting to be disturbed by further conversation.

When the reporter was leaving the General timed him for his visit and expressed a nope that he would be able to leave his bed by Monday, as that he could go home. A large number of his richeds inquired for him at the Astor House during the alternoon, but, in conformity with the physician's orders, only a lavored few were admitted to the bedside. Captain Charles I. Murphy watched with firm this hall-past seven o'dook when sleep at last came to the patient's reisel. This situmber continued till the nours lapsed into midnight, and was regarded as a favorable turn in the patient's continue. This attack would not have been no severe but for the lact that the General has andressed public meetings three or four times a week during the past four weeks in luddans, and when he reached this city to address the veterans of the kexican was his system was greatly debilitated.

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The FATENT'S constitution in the patient became restless, and continued in this coadhion for twenty minutes, after which he is in him to address. The s

## A MISERABLE LIFE ENDED.

Su'cide Following an Atrocious Attempt at Murder.

RUM AND BAD TEMPER.

Babylon, L. I., in a Ferment of Excitement.

novement in Babylon, L. L., on Friday, in the death by guicide of Mr. John Hendrickson, a resident of the village. For many years Hendrickson had lived in a heart of the village of Haby'on. Twenty years ago forty years old. Hendrickson was a bayman that is he fished in the Great South Bay during the fishing season. He was noted as an experienced clammer and through his occupation picked up considerable whiskey, and was frequently drunk. His habits were the clamming grounds before other bay fishermen were out of their beds. He peddled his clams in the a good part of the proceeds to drink, roing home, as a rule, drunk, but always before night. was never seen in the village after nightfall.

Going bome in this condition he generally managed to pick a quirrel with either his wife or his stepson, more frequently the latter.

When not drunk he was good natured enough, arparently, but when under the infloones of liquor be became quarrelsome with his family. This, his wife Maria says, has been going on ever since they were married, and gradually growing worse. She is now about sixty years of age and Hendrickson was about hity-six. The son, who served three years in the war of the Robelion, is a boat builder by trade, but also "follows the bay" for a living when not otherwise engaged.

A PRELIMINARY HATTLE.

Hendrickson was in the village on

in the war of the Rebellion, is a boat builder by trade, but also "follows the bay" for a living when not otherwise engaged.

Hendrickson was in the village on Saturday, semewhat under the influence of liquor, but wont home before dinner less druck than usual quarret with his stepson, Yan Gott, without any apparent cause, which ended in a rough and-tumble fight in the dinner leaded in a rough and-tumble fight in the dinner leaded in a rough and-tumble fight in the dinner leaded in a rough on the front stoop, where the fight was continued. Hendrickson being the stronger man, or perhaps, as his mother subsequently said, Heary not being much of a fighter, got the advantage of his stepsoe, had him down and was choking him severely, when the mother went to her son's rescue, and, as she says, pulled Hendrickson off by man force. He had frequently before, in his drunken fits, threatened the life of his wife, and now he exclaimed:—"fold damn you, I'll murder you!"

THE ATTREPTED MURDER.

On being released from his step-fainer's clutch, Vac. Cott expressed ine determination to go and get a warrant for Hendrickson's arrest, remarking that he should not live in that house shy longer. Hendrick son appears to have suffently gone into a room on the opposite side of the small hellewy from the dining room, where there was a bed, and laid down.

Van Cott actually went to the village and procured the warrant; but, as the sequel shows, it was never seved. A lew minutes siter the son left the mother entered the room where Hendrickson lay, and she, too, told him that he would have to leave. He made no reply. Then a young man named Charles Saxton, who wanted Van Cott. Then Saxton went out on the stoop with Mrs. Hendrickson is and she sat down in a chair, with her back toward the house, while he stood by one of the posts in front of the stoop drating. All at once there was a loud report and a crash of giase, and Mrs. Hendrickson and she sat down in a chair, with her back toward the hone, while he stood by one of the posts in front of

with Nos, cand losson were in this gen he has discharged through the window, standing at the pier becharged through the window, standing at the pier bechaven the two windows and aiming diagonally. A large note was blown through a netting screen, several panes of glass were smashed and a branch of a large grapevine trained over the stoop was cut away. Soon afterward Mr. Gilbert Morris, who lives a short distance eastward of the house, saw Hendrickson come out with the gun and go around the house in the direction taken by his wife, as it looking for her, returning in a lew moments after with the gun on his shoulder; pretty soon another report was heard. No one supposed that idendrickson had committed suicide, and those with had field did not dare to return to the house for lear of being again shot at.

A GHASTLY SCEAR.

Thus matters remained until Mr. John E. Seamed came to the house lor lear of being again shot at.

A GHASTLY SCEAR.

Thus matters remained until Mr. John E. Seamed came to the bouse to deliver some grain ordered the day before by hundrickson. He was the first to enter the house, and upon going into the room from which the shot had been dred a horrible sight met his view. Hendrickson lay upon the floor, his head toward a small stone by the fireplace, his feet toward the window and the gun across one of the feet. The left side of his head was almost completely blown away. The back of the door, the waits and the celling by the window where the dead was committed were thickly spattered and beamsared with blood. He celling by the window where the dead was committed were thickly spattered and beamsared with blood. He celling by the window where the dead was committed were takely upon the fragger, probably with his toe, had thus chackarged the second barrel and ended his existence. It is unpossible to say whether the set was premediated or the result of impulse caused by lear of affect and publishment. A curious croussistic is the lact that before shooting himself the went to the front the order was not

and.

In conversation with a reporter yesterday Mrs.

Hendrickeen, who is apparently an amisble and midd
temperat woman, expressed great thankfutness for
her fortunate escape from death. She deforted her
experience since marrying Hendrickson as a terribie
one. There is evidently little sorrow in the lemity
in consequence of Hendrickson's death.

THE CULLEN WIFE MURDER.

The murdered wife of Henry Collen was the daughter of wealthy parents, hving in county Caran, Ireland The man was a valet in the family, and when his in

## A NEGRO'S JEALOUSY

George Howard, a colored man, of Winchester, Mass., was held in delauit of \$2,000 bail in the Fitty. sevento Street Police Court yesterday, charged with shooting at Thomas Genus, also colored. The story told by the prisoner is that he and Genus had worked together in Woburg, Massa, until the latter ran away with his wife and two onlidred. He then supported his betrayer's wile until nows came that the man was living in this city. He pursued him here, and, after an unsatisfactory interview with Mrs. Howard, torne thou paramour at work in the loft of a stable at Eighty-axish street and avenue A. Genus droppol ins pituators, and, jumping out on a shou, ran down the street, closely persued by his assuitant. At Second avenue Howard was arrested, lie denies that he fired a shot, but a revolver was found on the place. Genus denies that he ran sway with the prisoner's wife. He is confided in the House of Detention as a stiness. shooting at Thomas Genus, also colored. The

THREE FINGERS CUT OFF.

While the stramer Ashland (which sailed yesterday for Fernandina, Fig.) was proceeding down the bay John Kelly, a seaman, thirty-two years of age, be longing to Philadelphia, had three of his lingura cut off up a cogwheel. He was taken to the Seamon's Retreat on Staten Island, where his injuries were at tended to.